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WESTERN JUSTICE

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The SELIG POLYSCOPE CO. Inc.

43-45 Peck Court CHICAGO, U. S. A.

H. H. BUCKWALTER, Gen'l Western Agent
DENVER COLORADO

WESTERN JUSTICE

When the real old-fashioned Bad Man of the West cuts loose there are likely to be some pretty sultry doings, and Tenderfeet and other unfortunate bystanders would do well to make for the tall timbers until the terror of the Bad Lands has been shot or disposed of in some equally satisfactory way.

The saloon usually furnishes the motive which inspires the "doings" in cases of this kind. After filling himself up with devilment, he leaves the thirst parlor and starting up the street with a gun in each hand proceeds to shoot up the town in approved fashion.

An Eastern Tenderfoot who has just struck the town is arranging a patent churn for exhibition on a prominent corner of the main street and does not understand the meaning of the fusillade that he hears coming down the street nor the sudden disappearance of every one who is wise to the situation. To his cost he is soon to discover the cause, and our hilarious friend appearing around the corner compels him to dance to the music of his six-shooters without leaving breathing space or time for one false step.

These comparatively innocent actions are soon to give way to tragedy of a deeper and darker hue in which the Bad Man appears in his really sinister and vengeful character. Coming out of yet another saloon in which he has been taking more tangle-foot on board, he encounters the Town Marshal who has been looking for him, and places him under arrest. But watching his chance, the villain suddenly shoots the officer of the law dead in his tracks, and realizing that this is a serious matter, escapes leaving his victim lying in the main street of the little town.

Partly sobered by the death of the Marshal, the murderer makes his way to the outskirts of the camp where his broncho is standing, saddled and waiting for him, and mounting in hot haste spurs madly for the foothills, hoping to gain a safe hiding place there

before the pursuit, which he knows will speedily follow, can overtake him.

The dead Marshal's pretty daughter, a daisy of the foothills, has heard in the meantime that her father has gone out to corral the Bad Man, and as he does not return at the usual noon hour, becomes frightened and getting her horse goes out to look for him. She finds him at last in the street where he was left. Vengeance on the accused murderer naturally takes full possession of her, and having first had her father's body reverently placed in shelter, she saddles her horse and riding as only a Western girl can ride calls her friends and neighbors to avenge the crime, and enlisting the assistance of the County Sheriff, the pursuit is on, and the most wildly exciting chase ever produced by animated photography is clearly and distinctly delineated and an unsurpassed triumph in the moving picture art is achieved.

With a good start, the murderer first fears no pursuit and thinks complacently of the near approaching hills affording numerous places for "hiding up" until all trouble is over. But the avengers of blood are well on his trail and closer than he would believe at all possible, realizing which terror lends speed to his flight and occasionally firing behind to deter his pursuers he prepares for the race of his life.

A rocky and precipitous trail presenting some of the wildest and most beautiful scenery that can be found in the foothill country gives an opportunity for a marvelously sensational and stirring chase; the riders are men who have practically lived in the saddle for years and to whom every trick of horsemanship is an open book. The most difficult and dangerous passes are negotiated with masterful ease and through all the girl herself, who inspired the chase, keeps well in the forefront and gives an exhibition of horsemanship which words cannot fairly portray.

Nearer and nearer draw the pursuers and seeing that he must soon be overtaken, the

villain resorts to strategy to cover his tracks and halting an approaching carriage filled with tourists and turning loose his own horse, compels the driver to proceed while he lies hidden under the seat. Almost at once they meet the sheriff's band of horsemen who stop the carriage, but are told that the man they are pursuing has gone on, and as soon as they are safely passed the murderer leaves the carriage and secretes himself in the underbrush at the roadside congratulating himself that all danger for him is now past.

But one of the tourists is quick to see the opportunity and immediately jumps from the carriage and running back manages to attract the attention of the sheriff's party and indicate the fugitive's hiding place. Horses are abandoned to pursue the criminal over still more hazardous trails and a chase on foot begins once more.

At length he is at bay. A single member of the company has finally cornered him and this time it is man to man, but again he makes his escape to leave behind him another blood-stained victim, although still pursued by the remainder of the sheriff's party still more enraged by the discovery of the dead body of their comrade on the trail.

The Bad Man makes his last stand, availing himself of the shelter afforded by the deserted shepherd's hut on the side of the mountain, a desperate fight ensues in which the murderer finally gets his deserts and is shot through the heart. The last scene showing the dead body tied securely across his horse's back and being taken down the mountain side for burial, while the poor girl follows with her companions having at least the satisfaction of knowing that she has brought her father's murderer to quick and adequate punishment for his crime.

This picture is particularly interesting not only on account of its dramatic features, the exciting incidents, and the beautiful scenery in which the scene is laid but the perfect photographic results which have been attained.